

THE
METAMORPHOSES
OF THE
TOWN:

OR, A

View of the Present Fashions:

A

TALE.

After the MANNER of

FONTAINE.



D U B L I N :

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MEMORANDUM

OF THE

TOWN

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THE
METAMORPHOSES
OF THE
TOWN, &c.

THE ARGUMENT.

The fantastick Taste of the Age cannot be more naturally expressed, than by supposing some polite Person to arise from the Dead, and view the present Alteration. But as this would be incredible, the Author has inspired a Man of Sense and Honour with a Desire of revisiting the Town after above 40 Years Absence from it; and, to avoid the Absurdity of Soliloquy, has furnished him with an humble Companion, who, as he is no ways qualified for a Censor, has the Modesty to speak but once throughout the whole Poem.

A Knight long absent from the Town,
Who all its gay Delights had known,
A 2 Frequented

Frequented Court, the Park, and Plays,
 In good King *Charles* the Second's Days,
 When Wit was cherish'd and preferr'd,
 And Taste, and Learning, found Regard.

But hold! for just Decorum sake,
 This Knight some *Nom de Guerre* must take,
 Which may in Course hereafter, show him,
 To be the Hero of the Poem.

We'll call him *Lindo*: Let it pass;
 From whence he came; or who he was;
 No Circumstance is, of the Tale:
 Politely bred, rich, young, and hale;
 Thro' all the Rounds of Vice he'ad run,
 In Search of Good, like *Solomon*:
 Yet nought beneath the Sun, he found
 On which his Happiness to Ground.
 Quite tir'd with Pleasure's empty Chace,
 He gave to better Thoughts a Place;
 And to a Country Life retir'd,
 There found that Bliss, his Soul desir'd.
 Sweet Air; cool Thoughts; and quiet Rest,
 Were, to his Intellects, a Feast.
 And by the Diff'rence, made him find
 A Scorn, for what he left behind.

An easy Fortune, pleasant Seat,
 Compact, and elegantly neat,
 Well chosen Books adorn his Shelf,
 And rural Sports preserve his Health.
 Courted and lov'd, by all around;
 For Hospitality, renown'd:
 Yet, prudent Management was seen,
 Not too profuse; nor yet too mean.
 No Tenants Cries invade his Ears,
 He had their Blessings, and their Prayers;
 An Happiness he never knew
 Midst all his idle jovial Crew;
 For *Lindo*, had a Taste refin'd;
 A noble; and exalted Mind:
 Courteous to all, and yet reserv'd:
 He Freedoms for his friends preserv'd.

One, more than all the rest he chose,
 On whom to fix his Soul's Repose;
 Nor was mistaken in his Aim,
 For, *Belus*' merited his Claim.
 To him, he thus disclos'd his Mind,
 My Friend! 'tis true, I have resign'd
 A Life of Pleasure, long ago;
 And (yet methinks) I'd gladly know,

The

The Truth of what we daily hear,
 And see, how Things indeed appear,
 Come, wilt thou take a Trip to Town
 With me, unknowing and unknown?
 Like Antiquaries we'll survey
 The Monuments of Time's Decay.
 Sure it will yield a vast Delight,
 To recollect each pleasing Sight,
 And see What Lives Successors lead,
 'Twill be like rising from the Dead;
 Well, study not for a Reply,
 I read Compliance in your Eye:
 To-morrow's dawning Sun, shall see
 We'll be as early out as he.

So up they came, and take their Inn
 " At grizly Head of *Sarazen*;
 What Servants said, or what they thought,
 It to the Reader matters not;
 For up to Town they brought not one,
 Except the Beasts they rode upon:
 Here let them rest, a Day or two,
 Then make a Tour, and take their View.

Unto the Church! they first repair,
 But found no Alteration there;

The

The self-same Worship, undefil'd,
Lindo was taught when but a Child;
 Thank Heav'n cry'd he, so far ~~we're~~ right,
 The rest, I hope, is all but Spite.

Come, now we'll o'er the City range,
 And visit next, the *Old Exchange*,
 Where, like a Prince's Palace-Court,
 Agents, from all the World resort,
 'Tis now the Hour, and thou shalt see
 An universal Empory.

Belus, thou never wer't in Town,
 Mark well, the Riches here are shown,
 The Gold Brocades, and curious Laces;
 The crouded Shops and pretty Faces
 Of smiling Nymphs, with all their Paces,
 Of what d'ye lack, Sir? What d'ye buy?
 The Money from thy Purse will fly,
 For who such Askers, can deny?

Ha! What means this? The Gates are shut
 Pray. Youth let me a Question put,
 You live so near, you can't but know
 From whence this sudden Turn does flow.

The Boy repli'd, with saucy Air,
 It is no sudden Turn, I'll swear:
 Where have you slept, old Father *Time*?
 The Hours are chang'd from One, to Nine.

Lindo,

Lindo, who liv'd great as a Lord,
 Honour'd by all, almost ador'd;
 Was strangely piqu'd, to find the Lad
 No Grace, nor better Manners had.
 He knows me not (thought he) 'tis true,
 But Rev'rence to my Age is due;
 It was not thus in former Years.
 Respect attended Silver Hairs:
 Now ev'ry rude, ill-natur'd Chit,
 Thinks Impudence, a Piece of Wit.
 Let's pass by this: When up he came,
 And found but One poor Shop remain,
 Of eighty-two; which there he left,
 He stood aghast! some say he wept!
 O *Tempora*! O *Mores*! said he,
 Here treated I, my dearest Lady;
 Now 'stead of Pearls, and Diamond Drops,
 Cobwebs, are grown o'er all the Shops.
 That which is left, looks full as bad,
 The Shelves are thin, the Master sad,
 What he has got, we'll go and try,
 For sure, 'tis Charity to buy,

Lindo a noble Purchase made,
 Some few such Chaps, wou'd raise a Trade,
 And falling into Converse free,
 Had this Account of t'other Three:

Salisbury has, for many Years
 Been *Cecil Street*, which Name it bears
 And *Exeter*, has long since been
 Transmuted, to another Scene,
 Where, 'stead of Dresses for the Head,
 You'll now find Dresses for the Dead.
 The *New Exchange* in part remains,
 But thinly peopled, small their Gains,
 And since your Honour Asks me why,
 To shew the Cause, I now will try.

The Ladies Taste, is alter'd quite,
 Whether for Grandeur or Delight,
 I can't resolve! But sadly find,
 Shop-Trade goes, daily, more behind.
 While prating Gossips, they admit
 To interlope, and shew their Wit,
 By carrying Tales from one to t'other,
 A world of Faults in Goods they smother:
 They dearer sell, than we can do,
 And yet, divide our Profit too.
 This hawking Traffick, hugely takes,
 And weekly, fresh Insolvents makes.

All this is wrong, good *Lindo* cries,
 And hinders Trade, and Merchandize:
 I'm sorry, for these Truths you tell,
 And wish it better: So farewell.

B

Now

Now at *Pontack's* we'll take a Bit
 Shall quicken Nature's Appetite :
 Here shew a Room ; What have you got ?
 The Waiter (cries) " What have we not ;
 ' All that the Season can afford,
 ' Fresh, fat, and fine, upon my Word.
 " A Guinea Ordinary, Sir ?
 Ay, ay, let's have it quick and nice,
 " I'll serve your Honours in a trice.

Well, Thanks to Fortune here's the *Name*,
 The *House* and *Manners*, still the same :
 No Change throughout the whole appears
 But Faces, by the Length of Years,
 Now *Belus*, now, thou soon shalt see
 Earth, Air, and Water, yield to Thee
 Their Tribute of Variety.

The Cloth being laid, thereon was set
 A Course in all Respects Compleat
 Adorn'd, and beautifully dress'd,
 But what it was, cou'd not be guess'd.
 First, they Taste One, and then Another,
 And gaze, with Wonder, on each other.

Here (Waiter) you the Truth must know,
 Quoth *Lindo*, tell your Raree-Show.

" This Birds-Nest-Soup from *China* brought,
 " Far fetch'd, and very dearly bought
 ; They

" They were bespoke, Sir, by a Lord,
But to oblige you, broke my Word.

" That's a Ragoust, of fatted Snails,
" Which Novelty now much prevails.
" This *Bantam* Pig, but one day old,
" Is richly worth its Weight in Gold :
" A Pudding too, within it, is
" Made of hard Row, and Ambergris.
" *French* Pease are here, in Gravy stew'd,
" With Cheese and Garlick, wond'rous good,
" This an incomparable Tart,
" Of Frogs, and Forc'd-meat, made with Art;
" And this so nicely sauc'd with Shrimp,
" Is Cod, and I can swear it Crimp.
" These, Sir, are Chickens in surprize,
" The Finest, ever blest my Eyes :
" And if your Honour views them well,
" They've not been two Hours from the Shell,
Zookers (quoth *Lindo*) spare your Date,
You make one puke, to hear you Prate.
Here take away your filthy Treat,
And bring us somewhat, we can eat.
A Mutton-Chop or honest Stake,
Some Recompence for This will make
Which small Refreshment being made,
And Princely Reck'ning, freely paid.

Adieu, *Pontack*, for I foresee
 Thou'lt ne'er take Penny more of me:
 If this be counted Eating well,
 I never shall in Taste excell.

Why (*Belus*) dost thou pout, and frown,
 Come tell me, how dost like the Town?
 'O! not at all; wou'd we were down.

All in good Time, a while we'll stay,
 And end this inauspicious Day!

With seeing of a merry Play.

Let's read the Bill, the Town's Delight,
 The *Beggars Opera*, to Night:

I warrant 'tis a merry Scene,
 Will make us laugh, and ease our Spleen,
 And, so let's boldly enter in.

The Dress and Musick, they admire!
 But Sound, and Show, will quickly tire,
 If Sense, and Reason, are not found,
 The Basis of the Work to ground
 So far'd it here, with *Lindo's* Taste,
 Two tedious Acts were dully past,
 When Patience fail'd: A Magpie's Chatter
 (Cried he's) beyond this Clitter Clatter,
 Of Ballad Fragments, without Matter,
 Nor Sense, nor Moral, Plot nor End,
 To what does all this Fustian tend?

Come

Come let's to t'other House repair,
And see old Doctor *Fausus*, there,
'Tis said he was a Man of Art,
And surely now, must top his Part,
His dext'rous Slight of Hand survey,
And see this *Hocus Pocus* Play.

Away these two Inspectors went,
And for a while were well content,
'Till dreadful Dragon, yawn'd for Battle;
Thunder, and Light'ning round them rattle,
Hell open'd, and a Sight display'd,
Might make the stoutest Heart afraid,

Ah me! cry'd *Lindo*, can this stand
With Reason, in a Christian Land?
Can we believe Futurity,
And yet such Sights with Pleasure see?
O! dangerous, rash Impiety.

Here leave we them, unto their Rest,
How much delighted, may be guest

Next Morn they rose not 'till 'twas late:
When *Lindo*, thus address'd his Mate.

So much I have mistaken been,
In what we have already seen,
I'll promise nothing for the Day,
But take our Chance, as fall it may.

Next

Next, to the Abbey let's repair,
 And view the sacred Relicks there
 Th' Antiquities of *England*; see,
 Well worth our Curiosity.

The Tombs run oe'r with canting Tone
 Of conqu'ring *Edward*; Princess *Joan*,
 Hudled in Dust, and tack'd together,
 Or right or wrong, no Matter whether,
 It serves the Turn, and gets the Pence;
 Chronology is banish'd hence.

The Man dismiss'd, they walk around,
 Many new Monuments they found,
 In all Art's, Workmanship compleat,
 Grand, and magnificently neat.
 They many fine Inscriptions read,
 Which ne'er belong'd unto the Dead.
 See, *Belus*, here, what Time discovers,
 Tombs rais'd by Ladies to their Lovers:
 Their Husbands are not jealous sure,
 Else some Distaste it might procure.
 Thus 'twas in Days of Innocence,
 When Love *Platonick* rul'd oe'r Sense,
 And neither fear'd, nor gave Offence.

But now we'll to the Park repair,
 And breathe the wholesome Morning Air.

All

All the *Beau Monde*, will there resort,
And we, perhaps. may see the Court.
He said; nor waited a Reply;
(Readers will guess the Reason why)
Humble Companions, mayn't dispute;
Their Patron's Will is absolute,

I wish (says *Lindo* we may find
A Man adapted to my Mind;
Who knows the Court, the Park, and Town
To tell us who? and what is done?
Lo! there sits one: Ay, that is he,
If Truth is in *Phyſogno*my.

Your Servant, Sir, if you'l permit,
We'll rest a while, upon this Seat.

Gent. Sir, 'tis as free for you, as me;
And much I like, good Company:
The King, and Queen, will walk to Day,
And for their coming, here I stay.
See, they appear! How grand thier Mein.
Tho' plainly dress'd, their Rank is seen.

Lindo. But why so plain is *Brittain's* Queen

Gent. It shews her great Humility
And learns her Subjects Housewifry.

Lindo. But why so thinly guarded here?

Gent. Good Sir, they are devoid of Fear
• They

They are no Tyrants, dread no Foes;
Their Subjects Love, is their Repose:
May God preserve them! say I then,

Lindo. I'll be your Clerk, and cry Amen
But where's the Family to Day!

Gent. They're all rid out, another Way.

Lindo Look yonder comes a pleasant Crew
With high-crown'd Hats, long Aprons too;
Good pretty Girls, I vow, and swear,
But, wherefore do they hide their Ware.

Gent. Ware, what d'ye mean? What is't,
you tell

Lindo. Why? don't they Eggs, and Butter
sell

Such Country Wenches, I should know
By gay Experience long ago.

Gent. Alas, Sir; you're mistaken quite
She on the Left-hand dress'd in White,
Is Lady C——, her Spouse a Knight.
But for the other lov'ly Three,
They all Right Honourables be.

Lindo. Nay, now indeed, you make me
smile,

How pleasantly you Time beguile,
Mark that affected Toss; and Stride
Hands, hung like Bobbins by her Side:

And

And t'others Arms on Kimbow bent,
 As if to fight, were her Intent.
 What tell you us, of Ladies fair,
 If so, they Masqueraders are?
 Such Airs as these, can ne'er become
 A Front-Box; or the Drawing-Room.
 Look, they acoft some round ear'd Caps
 Straw, lin'd with Green, their *May* day Hats }
 What formal Bows, and aukward Daps :
 Now Sir, I'm sure, you cannot fail
 To own, these carry Milking-Pail;
 Their Hats are flatted on the Crown,
 And shew the Weight that pres'd them down.

Gont. How strangely wrong is your Report,
 These Ladies, all belong to Court:

This Fashionable Difabille,
 Has long prevail'd, and longer will.
 For why, this candid Country Drefs;
 Does Native Innocence exprefs:
 I find, you have been long abroad,
 And do not know the present Mode.
 These noble Peers, which now you see;
 Are proud to join their Company.

Lindo. Lords call you them stay let me view!

Well made, if Nature had her due:

And Nay, take my Word, are handsome too.

But fure the Taylor, wrong'd them both,
When to that Suit he cut his Cloth.

What Straitness on the Skirts appears?

The Neck, is rais'd up to the Ears ;
Which to the flattest Shoulders give,
The Hair of One, is tied behind,
And platted like a Womankind.

While T'other, carries on his Back,
In silken Bag, a monstrous Pack :

But pray, what's that much like a Whip,
Which with the Air does wav'ring skip
From Side, to Side, and Hip, to Hip.

Gent. Sir, Do not look so fierce, and big,
It is a modish Pigtail Wig.

Lindo. Z—nds, cannot they this Mode refine
What deck their Head, with Tail of Swine.

(Forgive my Passion, it is Wrong)

But what is that which rides along,
With sable Helmet, Bever Down,
And Muffler, brac'd up to the Crown.

Pettycoats too ; *Ob Homines !*

Some bold, Hermaphrodite, is this.

Gent. Sir, 'tis a Lady chaste and fair,
Return'd' from taking of the Air :

The

The Hunting Cap, you Helmet call,
Is now a Fashion with them all.

Lindo. Our Hats and Coats, long worn have
they,
And Breeches too, if in their way :
Then let them bravely mount astide,
And like true *Amazonians* ride.

Gent. How obstinately you pursue
Old Customs, and condemn the new :
Go on! and prosper ; take your Will,
Be resolute, and pevish still :
And yet I'll lay a Guinea stake,
That I shall you a Convert make,
Since so displeas'd with Negligence,
And Disabillies gave Offence,
View well that Set of Ladies there,
How perfectly well dress'd they are,
Not Envy, can a Blemish 'spy,
Like Forms in Wax, they charm the Eye,
Each. like a Sov'raign Queen does move,
And; represents the Wife of *Jove*.

Lindo Why ; this is worse than all the rest,
A somewhat ! not to be exprest :

So stiff; so forc'd; as if by Art,
A Puppet mov'd, and play'd its Part.

That length of Stomacher before,
Hook'd down, as 'twas in Days of Yore,
No graceful Turn, of Neck, admits,
But serves our sensual Appetites:
For seeing Bubbies so display'd,
We think an easy Conquest made,
Tho' Nymphs (perhaps) are as unwilling,
As those who stand in fear of killing.

The Length of WASTE too, vile appears,
It lifts the Shoulders, to the Ears:
And Sleeves tuck'd half Way up the Arm,
Sir, call you this a Dress to Charm?
It is, to qualify a Shame,
To seem, as they from Washing came.

I own (with you) these are most fair,
And nat'rally well shapen are;
But if continu'd at this Rate,
You'll scarcely find one Woman strait:
And as it is, if you but mind,
Not one in fifty, you will find
That is not to one Side inclin'd.

For

For by this set, unplaited Gown;
 The least Defect is fully shown:
 And what in one Part is supprest,
 Forces its Way into the rest
 Ev'n Nature is of Health bereav'd,
 And Life ebbs out, thus unperceiv'd.

It was not thus in former Days'
 (I speak it to our Father's Praise,)
 Then Cloaths for Ornament were worn,
 And Fashions studied, to adorn,
 Easy, and free; without Offence,
 Or Strain, to Nature's Excellence,
 Her Faults conceal'd, her Charms display'd,
 Redoubled Beauties, we survey'd.

Gent. Sir, if you can a Word admit?

Liudo. No, Sir, I've not done with them yet:

Those Angel Faces! who can see

And not a griev'd Spectator be,

Transform'd by Dress, like *Fiezland* Hen,

With Feathers turning back agen.

The Curls, which shou'd the Forehead shade,

stand staring up like Horns display'd,

as if they did our Sex defy!

Look for it Men, if e'er you try)

An

And 'stead of graceful Front there shows
A Pullet's Rump, just o'er the Nose.

O *Britain!* as Historians tell,
Thy Women, bore away the Bell;
An handsome Nation, were allow'd,
And *Europe.* to their Beauties bow'd.
But now, alas! 'tis plainly shown,
Of Comeliness, they're weary grown:
And Men (forsooth) to please their Taste,
Disguise themselves, e'en full as fast.

Come *Belus,* now we'll hasten down,
And never more, approach this Town.
And Sir, for your Civility,
All humble Thanks receive from Me.

A ME-

*A Method how to make and preach a
Sermon that shall please.*

WOULD you preach *Sermons* that shall
suit the Taste.

Of Ears *polite*, deliver them in *Haste*;
Short be your Method, chuse an *easy* Text,
But if *perplex*t,——why let it be *perplex*t :
For *Explanations* never rack your Brain,
The Words are *common*, and their Sense as plain, }
Burket and *Hammond* tell you what they mean }
Shou'd *Rufficks* mutter,——why set that at nought,
They are too dull, poor Wretches, to be taught;
Their *little* Sins will doubtless be forgiv'n,
What saves the 'Squire, must needs preach *them*;
to Heav'n.

Besides, the *Fair* with an offended Nod,
(Who in due Form, pay Visits to their God,)
Complain 'tis *Cold*, and in a trembling Note,
Pour forth regardless all their Pray'rs by *Rote*;
The *Priest* himself they say's the greatest *Sinner*,
Whose tedious Length cools both their Zeal—
and *Dinner*.

By them advis'd then, Minutes *half a Score*,
Never exceed, if *less*——you'll please the *more*;
And

And cou'd the Whole be huddled up in *Five*,
You'd be, I'm sure, the Best *Divine* alive.

One *Caution* more and then I think I've done }
'Tis not enough your *Text* be *slightly* spun,
But to write *well*, mind this *Prescription*;
Charity, *Conscience*, put of each — a *Scruple*,
And of *Repentance*, just prescribe the *Duple*;
N'er talk of *Gratitude*. that's out of *Fashion*:
As *G——rs* has prov'd, beyond *Demonstration*:
Nor mention *Hell*, 'twill make your Hearers
gaze,

Sneer at your *Faith*, and ridicule its *Blaze*;
But shou'd they not, what Man's so mad t'a-
ffright

With *Shrieks* and *Groans*, an Audience *polite*
Let not God's *Wrath* then in your Work
abound,

But of his *Mercy* take at least —— a *Pound*.

Say sav'd thereby's the *Prodigal* and *Thief*,
You'll gain *Attention*, and no doubt, *Belief*,

These Rules observ'd will give the Preacher
Ease,

And *Character*; and cannot fail to *please*.

F I N I S.